70

THat thou are blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A Crow that flies in heauens ſweeteſt ayre.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth loue,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure vnſtayined prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young daies,
Either not aſſayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſoe thy praiſe,
To tye vp enuy, euermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maskt not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

71

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you ſhall heare the ſurly ſullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildeſt wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you looke vpon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poore name reherſe;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

OLeaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue
After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
Vnleſſe you would deuiſe ſome vertuous lye,





To doe more for me then mine o
And hang more praiſe vpon dec
Then nigard truth would willin
O leaſt your true loue may ſeem
That you for loue ſpeake well of
My name be buried where my b
And liue no more to ſhame nor
For I am ſhamd by that whic
And ſo ſhould you, to loue thi

73

THat time of yeeare thou ma
When yellow leaues, or no
Vpon thoſe boughes which ſha
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late th
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-light o
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the W
Which by and by blacke night
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeals vp
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of
That on the aſhes of his youth d
As the death bed, whereon it m
Conſum'd with that which it wa
This thou perceu'ſt, which mak
To loue that well, which thou

74

BVt be contented when that
With out all bayle ſhall carr
My life hath in this line ſome int
Which for memoriall ſtill with t
When thou reueweſt this, thou
The very part was conſecrate to
The earth can haue but earth, wh
My ſpirit is thine the better part
So then thou haſt but loſt the dr
The pray of wormes, my body be
The coward conqueſt of a wretc

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE GRENVILLE LIBRARY, THE BRITISH LIBRARY